

K. HENRY IV.

WITH THE
HUMOURS
OF

Sir John Falstaff.

A
TRAGI-COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE in *Little-Lincolns-Inn-Fields*

BY
His Majesty's Servants.

Revived, with Alterations.

Written Originally by Mr. Shakespear.

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. W. and Sold by *John Deeve* at *Bernards-Inn-Gate*
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Newly Published, The Practice of the Spiritual or Ecclesiastical Courts : wherein is contained, their Original Stile and Causes usually Tried in them ; with the manner of Proving Wills in common Form of Law. Together with the manner of Proceeding in Cafes of Defamation, Right of Patronage, Dilapidation, Criminal Causes, &c. The Second Edition, Corrected. By H. Conser. Sold by John Deeve, at Bernards-Inn-Gate in Holborn, 1700.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

King Henry IV.
 Prince of Wales.
 John Earl of Lancaster, Second Son to King
 Henry.
 Northumberland.
 Harry Percy, Sirnamed Hotspur, his Son.
 Westmerland.
 Worcester.
 Mortimer.
 Owen Glendower.
 Douglas.
 Sir Walter Blunt.
 Sir Richard Vernon.
 Sir John Falstaff,
 Poins,
 Petto,
 Gadshill,
 Bardolph,
 Francis the Drawer.

Mr. Berry.
 Mr. Scudemore.

Mr. Bayly.
 Mr. Boman.
 Mr. Verbruggen.
 Mr. Pack.
 Mr. Freeman.

Mr. Hodgson.
 Mr. Arnold.
 Mr. Trout.
 Mr. Harris.
 Mr. Betterton.

} The Prince's Companions.

Mr. Bright.
 Mr. Bowen.

W O M E N.

Katherine Percy, Hotspur's Wife.
 Hostess.

Mrs. Boman,
 Mrs. Leigh.

Sheriff, Carriers, Chamberlain, Travellers, &c.

K. HENRY IV.

WITH THE H U M O U R S

O F

Sir, *JOHN FALSTAFF.*

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, with others.

King,

SO shaken as we are, so wan with Care,
Find we a time for frightened Peace to pant :
No more shall trenching War channel her Fields,
Nor bruise her Flowrets with the armed Hoofs
Of Hostile Paces.

The edge of War, like an ill-sheathed Knife,
No more shall cut his Master. Then let me hear
Of you my gentle Cousin *Westmerland*,
What yesternight our Council did decree,
In forwarding this dear Expedience.

West. My Liege: This haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the Charge set down
But yesternight: When all athwart there came
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heavy News;
Whose worst was, That the Noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the Men of *Herefordshire* to fight
Against the irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that *Welshman* taken,
And a thousand of his People butchered:
Upon whose dead Corps there was such misuse,

B

Such,

King HENRY the Fourth;

Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those *Wellsbroomen* done, as may not be
(Without much shame) re-told or spoken of.

King. It seems then, that the tidings of this Broil,
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This matcht, with other like; my gracious Lord,
Far more uneven and unwelcome News
Came from the North, and thus it did report :
On Holy-Rood day, the gallant *Hotspur* there,
Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
That ever valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody hour :
As by discharge of their Artillery
And shape of likelihood the News was told :
For he that brought them, in the very Heat
And pride of their Contention, did take Horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

King. Here is a dear and true industrious Friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horse,
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome News.
The Earl of *Douglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
Balk't in their own Blood did *Sir Walter* see
On *Holmedon's* Plains. Of Prisoners, *Hotspur* took
Mordake Earl of *Fife*, and eldest Son
To beaten *Douglas*, and the Earl of *Athol*,
Of *Marry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an Honourable Spoil ?

A gallant Prize ? Ha, Cousin, is it not ? In faith it is.

West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin,
In envy, that my Lord *Northumberland*
Should be the Father of so blest a Son :
Whil'st I by looking on the Praise of him,
See Ryot and Dishonour stain the Brow
Of my young *Harry*. O that it could be prov'd,
That some Night-tripping Fairy had exchang'd,
In Cradle-cloaths, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet* :
Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine :
But let him from my Thoughts. What think you, Coze,
Of this young *Percie's* Pride ? The Prisoners,
Which he in this Adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word
I shall have none but *Mordake* Earl of *Fife*.

West. This

With the Humours of Sir John Falstaff.

West. This is his Uncles teaching. This is *Worcester*,
Malevolent to you in all Aspects:
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of Youth against your Dignity.

King. But I have sent for him to answer this:
And for this cause a while me must neglect
Our holy purpose to *Jerusalem*.
Cousin, on *Wednesday* next, our Council we will hold
At *Windsor*, so inform the Lords,
But come your self with speed to us again,
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my Liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it, Lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old Sack and unbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping upon Benches in the afternoon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldst truly know. What a Devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless Hours were Cups of Sack, and Minutes Capons, and Clocks the Tongues of Bawds. I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you came near me now, *Hal*. For we that take Purfes, go by the Moon and seven Stars, and not by *Pharbus*, he, that wandering Knight so fair. And I pray thee sweet Wag, when thou art King, as God save thy Grace, Majesty I should say, for Grace thou wilt have none.

Prince. What! none?

Fal. No, not so much as will serve to be Prologue to an Egg and Butter.

Prince. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wag, when thou art King, let not us that are Squires of the Nights body, be call'd Thieves of the Days Beauty. Let us be *Diana's* Foresters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moon: and let Men say, we be Men of good Government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaste Mistress the Moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too: for the Fortune of us that are the Moons Men, doth ebb and flow like the Sea, being governed as the Sea is, by the Moon: as for proof. Now a Purse of Gold most resolutely snatch'd on *Monday* night, and most dissolutely spent on *Tuesday* morning; got with swearing, Laid by: And spent with crying,

Bring in: Now in as low an ebb, as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ride of the Gallows.

Fal. Thou say'st true, Lad: And is not my Hostess of the Tavern a most sweet Wench?

Prince. As is the Honey, my old Lad of the Castle: and is not a Buff Jerkin a most sweet Robe of durance?

Fal. How, how? how now mad Wag? What in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a Plague have I to do with a Buff Jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a Pox have I to do with my Hostess of the Tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call thee for to pay thy part?

Fal. No, I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince. Yea and elsewhere, so far as my Coyn would stretch, and where it would not, I have us'd my Credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that were it here apparent, that thou art Heir apparent. But I prythee sweet Wag, shall there be Gallows standing in *England* when thou art King? and Resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old Father Antick the Law? Do not thou when thou art a King, hang a Thief.

Prince. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! I'll be a brave Judge.

Prince. Thou judgest false already. I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the Thieves, and so become a rare Hangman.

Fal. Well, *Hal*, well: and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of Suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of Suits, whereof the Hangman hath no lean Wardrobe. I am as melancholy as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Bear.

Prin. Or an old Lion, or a Lovers Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a *Lingcolnshire* Bagpipe.

Prin. What say'st thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly of Moor-Ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unfavoury Similes, and art indeed the most comparative rascaldest sweet young Prince. But, *Hal*, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I would thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good Names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Council rated me the other day in the street about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well: for no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, *Hal*, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee, *Hal*, I knew nothing: and now I am (if a Man should speak truly) little better than one of the wicked. I must give
over

With the Humours of Sir John Falstaff. 7

over this life, and I will give it over: and I do not, I am a Villain. I'll be damn'd for never a King's Son in Christendom.

Prin. Where shall we take a Purse to morrow, *Jack*?

Fal. Where thou wilt, Lad, I'll make one: and I do not, call me Villain, and baffle me.

Prin. I see a good amendment of life in thee: From Praying, to Purse-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, 'tis my Vocation, *Hal*. 'Tis no sin for a Man to labour in his Vocation.

Enter Poins.

Prin. Good morrow, *Ned*.

Poin. Good morrow, sweet *Hal*. What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir *John* Sack and Sugar, *Jack*? How agrees the Devil and thee about thy Soul, that thou foldest him on *Good-Friday* last, for a Cup of *Madera*, and a cold Capons leg?

Prin. Sir *John* stands to his word, the Devil shall have his Bargain, for he was never yet a Breaker of Proverbs; *He will give the Devil his due*.

Poin. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the Devil.

Prin. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the Devil.

Poin. But, my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by four a Clock early at *Gads-hill*, there are Pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to *London* with fat Purfes. I have Vizards for you all; you have Horses for your selves: *Gads-hill* lies to night in *Rocheſter*, I have bespoke Supper to morrow in *Eastcheap*; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your Purfes full of Crowns: If you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye *Yedward*, if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poin. You will, Chops.

Fal. *Hal*, Wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a Thief? not I.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellow-ship in thee, nor thou can'st not of the Blood Royal, if thou dar'st not bid stand for ten Shillings.

Prin. Well then, once in my days I'll be a Mad cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Prin. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. I'll be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poin. Sir *John*, I prethee leave the Prince and me a-lone, I will lay him down such Reasons for this Adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of Perswasion; and he the Ears of profiting, that what thou speakest, may move; and what he hears may

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may be believed, that the true Prince may for (recreation sake) prove a false Thief; for the poor abuses of the time, want countenance. Farewell, you shall find me in *Eastcheap*.

Prin. Farewel the latter Spring. Farewel Allhollown Summer.

[*Exit Fal.*

Poin. Now, my good sweet honey Lord, ride with us to morrow. I have a jeaft to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falstaff, Harvey, Koffil,* and *Gads-bill*, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; your self and I will not be there: and when they have the Booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this Head from my Shoulders.

Prin. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poin. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they venture upon the Exploit themselves, which they have no sooner atchieved, but we'll set upon them.

Prin. I, but 'tis like that they will know us by our Horses, by our Habits, and by every other Appointment to be our selves.

Poin. Tut, our Horses they shall not see, I'll tye them in the wood; our Vizards we will change after we leave them: and, Sarrah, I have Cases of Buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward Garments.

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poin. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred Cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees Reason, I'll forswear Arms. The virtue of this jeaft will be, the incomprehensible lies that this fat Rogue will tell us, when we meet at Supper; how thirty at least he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this, lies the Jeaft.

Prin. Well, I'll go with thee, provide us all things necessary, and meet me to morrow night in *Eastcheap*, there I'll sup. Farewel.

Poin. Farewel, my Lord.

[*Exit Poin.*

Prin. I know you all, and will a while uphold

The unyoak'd Humour of your Idleness:

Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,

Who doth permit the base contagious Clouds

To smother up his Beauty from the World;

That when he please again to be himself,

Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,

By breaking through the foul and ugly Mists.

So when this loose Behaviour I throw off,

And pay the debt I never promised:

By how much better than my Word I am,

Bo so much shall I falsifie mens Hopes,

And like bright Metal on a fullen ground,

My Reformation glittering o're my Fault

Shall shew more goodly, and attract more Eyes,

Than that which hath no soyl to set it off.

With the Humours of Sir John Falstaff.

I'll so offend, to make Offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

SCENE III.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these Indignities,
And you have found me ; for accordingly,
You tread upon my Patience : But be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be my self,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition,
Which hath been smooth as Oyl, soft as young Down,
And therefore lost the Title of Respect,
Which the proud ne're pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our House (my Sovereign Liege) little deserves
The scourge of Greatness to be used on it,
And that same Greatness too, which our own hands
Have help to make so portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worcester get thee gone : for I do see
Danger and Disobedience in thine Eye.
O Sir, your Presence is too bold and peremptory,
And Majesty might never yet endure
The moody Frontier of a Servant brow,
You have good leave to leave us. When we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.
You were about to speak.

North. Yea, my good Lord.

Those Prisoners in your Highness Name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were (as he says) not with such strength deny'd
As was delivered to your Majesty :
Who either through envy, or misprision,
Was guilty of this fault : and not my Son.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.
But, I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extream Toyl,
Breathless and faint leaning upon my Sword,
Came there a certain Lord, neat and trimly drest ;
Fresh as a Bride-groom, and his Chin new reapt,
Shew'd like a stubble Land at Harvest home.
He was perfum'd like a Milliner,
And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumb, he held

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A Civit-Box : which ever and anon
 He gave his Nose, and took't away again :
 Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in Snuff. And still he smil'd and tlak'd :
 And as the Soldiers bare dead Bodies by,
 He call'd them untaught Knaves, Unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome Coarse
 Betwixt the wind, and his Nobility.
 With many Holiday and Lady terms
 He question'd me : Among the rest, demanded
 My Prisoners, in your Majesties behalf.
 I then, all-smarting with my Wounds being cold,
 (To be so pester'd with a Poppingay)
 Out of my grief, and my impatience,
 Answer'd (neglectingly) I know not what,
 He should or should not : For he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
 Of Guns, and Drums, and Wounds : God save the mark ;
 And telling me, the Sovereign'st thing on Earth
 Was Parmacity, for an inward Bruise :
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 That Villanous Salt-peter should be digg'd
 Out of the Bowels of the harmless Earth,
 Which many a good tall Fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly. And but for these vile Guns,
 He would himself have been a Souldier.
 This bald, unjointed Chat of his (my Lord)
 Made me to answer indirectly (as I said.)
 And I beseech you, let not this Report
 Come current for an Accusation,
 Betwixt my Love and your high Majesty.

Blunt. The Circumstance considered, good my Lord,
 What ever *Harry Percy* then had said,
 To such a person, and in such a Place,
 At such a time, with all the rest retold,
 May reasonably die, and never rise
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

King. Why yet he doth deny his Prisoners,
 But with Proviso and Exception,
 That we at our own Charge, shall ransom straight
 His Brother-in-law the foolish *Mortimer*,
 Who (in my Soul) hath wilfully betray'd
 The lives of those, that he did lead to Fight,
 Against the great Magician, damn'd *Glendower*,

Whose

Whose Daughter (as we hear) the Earl of *March*
Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a Traitor home?
Shall we buy Treason? and indent with Fears?
No: on the barren Mountains let him starve:
For I shall never hold that Man my Friend,
Whose Tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer?

He never did fall off my Sovereign Liege,
But by the Chance of War: to prove that true,
Needs no more but one Tongue. For all those Wounds,
Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle *Severn's* Sedgie Bank,
In single opposition hand to hand
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink
Upon agreement of swift *Severn's* Flood;
Who then affrighted with their Bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his crisped-head in a hollow Bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant Combatants.
Never did base, and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly Wounds;
Nor never could the noble *Mortimer*
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with Revolt.

King. Thou do'st belye him, *Percy*, thou do'st belye him;
He never did encounter with *Glendower*:
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the Devil alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an Enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? But Sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of *Mortimer*.
Send me your Prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease ye. My Lord *Northumberland*
We license your departure with your Son:
Send us your Prisoners, or you'll hear of it. [Exit King.]

Hot. And if the Devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. I will after streight
And tell him so: for I will ease my Heart,
Although it be with hazard of my Head.

Nor. What? drunk with Choller? stay, and pause a while,
Here comes your Uncle.

Enter Worcester,

Hot. Speak of *Mortimer*?

Yes, I will speak of him, and let my Soul
Want mercy, if I do not joyn with him.
In his behalf, I'll empty all those Veins,
And shed my dear Blood drop by drop i'th' dust,
But I will lift the downfaln *Mortimer*
As high i'th' Air as this unthankful King,
And this ingrate and cankred *Ballingbrook*.

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad.

Wor. Who strook this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will (forsooth) have all my Prisoners:
And when I urg'd the Ranfom once again
Of my Wives Brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my Face he turn'd an Eye of death,
Trembling even at the Name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of Blood?

Nor. He was: I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon) did set forth
Upon his *Irish* Expedition:

From whence, he intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose Death, we in the Worlds wide mouth
Live so scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft, I pray you; did King *Richard* then
Proclaim my Brother *Mortimer*,
Heir to the Crown?

Nor. He did, my self did hear it.

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That wish'd him on the barren Mountains starv'd.
But shall it be, that you that set the Crown
Upon the Head of this forgetful Man,
And for his sake wore the detested Blot
Of murderous Subornations? shall it be,
That you a world of Curses undergo,
Being the Agents, or base second Means,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I descend so low,
To shew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle King.
Shall it for shame, be spoken in these Days,

Or

Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,
That Men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf
(As both of you, God pardon it, have done)
To put down *Richard*, that sweet lovely Rose,
And plant this Thorn, this Cancker *Bullingbrook*?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off
By him, for whom these Shames ye underwent?
No : yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd Honours, and restore your selves
Into the good Thoughts of the World again.
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd Contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answer all the Debt he owes unto you,
Even with the bloody Payments of your Deaths :
Therefore I say. ———

Wor. Peace, Cousin, say no more.
And now I will unclasp a secret Book,
And to your quick conveying Discontents,
I'll read your Matter, deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous Spirit,
As to o're-walk a Current, roaring loud,
On the unstedfast footing of a Spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sink or swim :
Send danger from the East unto the West,
So Honour cross in from the North to South,
And let them grapple : The Blood more stirs
To rowze a Lyon, than to start a Hare.

Nor. Imagination of some great Exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of Patience.

Hot. By Heaven, methinks it were an easie leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where Fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drown'd Honour by the Locks :
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without Co-rival, all her Dignities :
But out upon this half-fac'd Fellowship.

Wor. He apprehends a world of Figures here,
But not the Form of what he should attend :
Good Cousin give me audience for a while,
And list to me.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same Noble Scots
That are your Prisoners.

Hot. I'll keep them all.
By Heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would save his Soul, he shall not.
I'll keep them, by this Hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my Purposes.
Those Prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not Ransom *Mortimer*:
Forbad my Tongue to speak of *Mortimer*.
But I will find him when he lies a sleep,
And in his Ear I'll holla, *Mortimer*.
Nay, I'll have a Starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion

Wor. Hear you, Cousin: A word.

Hot. All Studies here I solemnly desie,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrook*,
And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of *Wales*.
But that I think his Father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some Mischance,
I would have poyson'd him with a pot of Ale.

Wor. Farewell, Kinsman: I'll talk to you
When you are temper'd to attend.

Nor. Why what a wasp-tongu'd and impatient Fool
Art thou, to break into this Womans mood,
Tying thine Ear to no Tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why look you, I am whipt and scourg'd with rods?
Netled and stung with Pismires, when I hear
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbrook*.

In *Richard's* time: What de'ye call the place?
A plague upon't, it is in *Glocester-shire*:

'Twas where the madcap Duke his Uncle kept,
His Uncle *York*, where I first bow'd my Knee
Unto the King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrook*:
When you and he came back from *Ravenspurg*.

Nor. At *Berkley Castle*.

Hot. You say true:

Why what a gaudy deal of Curtesie
This fawning Gray-hound then did proffer me.
Look when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kind Cousin:
O, the Devil take such Cozeners, God forgive me:
Good Uncle tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again,
We'll stay your leisure.

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Hot. I have done, insooth.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.

Deliver them up without their Ransom streight,
And make the *Douglas* Son your only mean
For Powers in *Scotland*: Which for divers Reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd
Will easily be granted to you, my Lord.
Your Son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly in the bosom creep
Of that same noble Prelate, well belov'd,
The Arch-Bishop.

Hot. Of *York*, is't not?

Wor. True, who bears hard
His Brothers death at *Bristow*, the Lord *Scroop*.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it:

Upon my Life, it will do wondrous well.

Nor. Before the game's a foot, thou still lett'st slip.

Hot. Why it cannot choose but be a noble Plot,
And then the Power of *Scotland*, and of *York*
To joyn with *Mortimer*, Ha.

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith it is exceeding well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little Reason bids us speed,
To save our Heads, by raising of a Head:
For, bear our selves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And think we think our selves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does, we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
Than I by Letters shall direct your course;
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly.
I'll steal to *Glendower*, and lo, *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Douglas*, and our Powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our Fortunes in our own strong Arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

Nor. Farewell, good Brother, we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot.

*Hot. Uncle, adieu: O let Hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport.*

[Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter a Carrier, with a Lanthorn in his hand.

1. *Car.* **H**Eigh ho, an't be not four by the day I'll be hang'd. *Charles wain* is over the new Chimney, and yet our Horse not pack't. What, Ostler?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1. *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat *Cuts* Saddle, put a few Flocks in the point: The poor *Jade* is wrung in the Withers, out of all cefs.

Enter another Carrier.

2. *Car.* Peafe and Beans are as dank here as a Dog, and this is the next way to give poor Jades the Bots: This House is turn'd upside down since *Robin* the Ostler died.

1. *Car.* Poor fellow never joy'd since the price of Oats rose, it was the death of him.

2. *Car.* I think this House is the most Villanous House in all *London* road for Fleas: I am stung like a Tench.

1. *Car.* Like a Tench? There's ne're a King in *Christendom*, could be better bit, than I have been since the first Cock.

2. *Car.* Why, you will allow us ne're a Jourden, and then we leak in your Chimney: And your Chamber-lye breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1. *Car.* What Ostler, come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2. *Car.* I have a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be deliver'd as far as *Charing-Cross*.

1. *Car.* The Turkies in my Panniers are quite starv'd. What Ostler? a plague on thee, hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? and 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Villain. Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Cood morrow, Carriers. What's a Clock?

Car. I think it be two a Clock.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorn to see my Gelding in the Stable.

1. *Car.* Nay, soft I pray ye, I know a trick worth two of that.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* I, when, canst tell? lend me thy Lanthorn (quoth-a) marry I'll see the hang'd first.

Gad. Sirrah

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Gad. Sirrah, Carrier : what time do you mean to come to London ?

2. *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come Neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call up the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they have a great charge. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Chamberlain.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlain ?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purse.

Gad. That's even as fair, as at hand quoth the Chamberlain : For thou variest no more from picking of Purfes, than giving direction doth from labouring. Thou lay'st the plot, how.

Cham. Good morrow Master *Gads-bill*, it holds current that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred Marks with him in Gold : I heard him tell it to one of his Company last night at Supper ; a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of Charge too, (God knows what) they are up already, and call for Eggs and Butter. They will away presently.

Gad. Sirrah, if they meet not with *S. Nicholas* Clarks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it : I prethee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worship'st *S. Nicholas* as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gad. What talk'st thou to me of the Hangman ? If I hang I'll make a fat pair of Gollows. For if I hang, old *Sir John* hangs with me, and thou know'st he is no Starveling. I am joyn'd with no Foot-Land-Rakers, no Long-staff six penny strikers, such as will strike sooner than speak ; and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray ; and yet I lye, for they pray continually unto their Saint the Common-wealth ; or rather, not to pray to her, but prey on her : for they ride up and down on her ; and make her their Boots.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their Boots ? Will she hold out water in foul way ?

Gad. She will, she will ; Justice hath liquor'd her. We steal, as in a Castle, Cock-sure : we have the receipt of Fern seed, we walk invifible.

Cham. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholding to the Night, than the Fern-feed, for your walking invifible.

Gad. Give me thy hand.

Thou shalt have a share in our purpose,
As I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false Thief.

Gad. Go to : *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the Ostler bring the Gelding out of the Stable. Farewell, ye muddy knave. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E. II.

Enter Prince, Poyns, and Peto.

Poyns. Come shelter, shelter, I have remov'd *Falstaff's* Horse, and he frets like a gumm'd Velter.

Prin.

Prin. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. *Poynes*, *Poynes*, and be hang'd, *Poynes*.

Prin. Peace ye fat kidney'd Rascal, what a bawling dost thou keep ?

Fal. What *Poynes*, *Hal* ?

Prin. How's walk'd up to the top of the Hill, I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that Thiefs Company : that Rascal hath remov'd my Horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square further a-foot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I escape hanging for killing that Rogue. I have forsworn his Company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewicht with the Rogues company. If the Rascal have not given me Medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd, it could not be else: I have drunk Medicines. *Poynes*, *Hall*, a Plague upon you both. *Bardolph*, *Peto*: I'll starve ere I rob a foot further. And 'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn True man, and to leave these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that ever chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles a foot with me : And the stony-hearted Villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when Thieves cannot be true one to another.

[*They whistle.*]

Whew, a plague light upon you all. Give me my Horse, you Rogues : give me my Horse, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye Fat-guts, lie down, lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou can hear the tread of Travellers.

Fal. Have you any Leavers to list me up again being down ? I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the Coyn in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus ?

Prin. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prethee good Prince *Hal* help me to my Horse, good Kings Son.

Prin. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ofler ?

Fal. Go hang thy self in thy own heir-apparent Garters : If I be ta'ne, I'll peach for this : and I have not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sack be my Poyson : when a jest is so forward, and a-foot too, I hate it,

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I do against my will.

Poy. O 'tis our Setter, I know his voice :

Bardolf, what News ?

Bar. Case ye, case ye ; on with your Vizards, there's Money of the Kings coming down the Hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you Rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tavern.

Gad. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

Prin. You four shall front them in the narrow Lane : *Ned* and I will

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will walk lower ; if they escape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them ?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob us ?

Prin. What, a Coward, Sir John Paunch ?

Fal. Indeed I am not *John of Gaunt* your Grandfather : but yet no Coward, *Hal.*

Prin. We'll leave that to the Proof.

Poin. Sirrah *Jack*, thy Horse stands behind the Hedge, when thou need'st him, there shalt thou find him, farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now I cannot strike him if I should be hang'd.

Prin. Ned, where are our Disguises ?

Poin. Here hard by : Stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy Man be his dole, say I : every Man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

Tra. Come, Neighbour : The Boy shall lead our Horses down the Hill : We'll a foot a while, and ease our Legs.

Thieves. Stay.

Tra. Jesu bless us.

Fal. Strike ; down with them, cut the Villains throats ; a whorson Caterpillars : Bacon-fed Knaves, they hate us Youth ; down with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever,

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied Knaves, are you undone ? No ye Fat Chuffs, I would your store were here. On Bacons on, what ye Knaves ? Young men must live, you are Grand Jurors ? We'll jure ye i faith.

[*Here they rob them and bind them. Enter the Prince and Poyns.*

Prin. The Thieves have bound the True-men : Now could thou and I rob the Thieves and go merrily to London, it would be Argument for a Week, Laughter for a Month, and a good Jeast for ever.

Poynes. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come my Masters, let us share, and then to Horse before day ; and the Prince and Poynes be not two arrand Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no more Valour in that Poynes, than in a wild Duck.

Prin. Your Money.

Poin. Villains.

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poyns set upon them. They all run away, leaving the Booty behind them.*

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to Horse : The Thieves are scattered, and posselt with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other : each takes his Fellow for an Officer. Away good Ned, *Falstaff* sweats to death, and lards the lean earth as he walks along ; we're not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poin. How the Rogue roar'd.

[*Exeunt.*

D

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a Letter.

But for mine own part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your House. He could be contented: Why is he not then? in respect of the love he bears our House. He shews in this, he loves his own Barn better than he loves our House. Let me see some more, *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.* Why that's certain: 'Tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you (my Lord Fool) out of this Nettle, Danger; we pluck this Flower, Safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have named uncertain, the Time it self unsorted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize so great an Opposition.* Say you so, say you so: I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly Hind, and you lye. What a Lack brain is this? I protest, our Plot is as good a Plot as ever was laid: our Friends true and constant: A good Plot, good Friends, and full of Expectation: An excellent Plot, very good Friends. What a Frosty-spirited Rogue is this? Why, my Lord of York commends the Plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Rascal, I could brain him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Uncle, and my self, Lord Edmond Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their Letters, to meet me in Arms by the ninth of the next Month? and are there not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan Rascal is this? An Infidel. Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our Proceedings. O, I could divide my self, and go to buffers, for moving such a dish of skim'd Milk with so Honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards to night.

Enter his Lady.

How now, Kate, I must leave you within these two hours.

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?

For what Offence have I this fortnight been

A Banish'd Woman from my Harry's Bed?

Tell me (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?

Why dost thou bend thy Eyes upon the Earth?

And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?

O what Portents are these?

Some heavy business hath my Lord in hand,

And I must know it: else he loves me not.

Hot. What ho; Is Gilliams with the Packet gone?

Ser. He is, my Lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those Horses from the Sheriff?

Ser. One Horse, my Lord, he brought even now.

Hot.

Hot. What Horse? a Roan, a Crop-ear, is it not?

Ser. It is, my Lord.

Hot. That Roan shall be my Throne. Well, I will back him streight.
Esperance, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Park.

La. But hear you, my Lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my Lady?

La. What is it that carries you away?

Hot. Why, my Horse (my Love) my Horse.

La. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazel hath not such a deal of Spleen, as you are toft with. In sooth I'll know your bufiness, *Harry*, that I will. I fear my Brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his Title, and hath sent for you to line his Enterprife. But if you go——

Hot. So far a foot, I shall be weary, Love.

La. Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly unto this Question, that I shall ask. Indeed I'll break thy little Finger, *Harry*, if thou wilt not tell me true.

Hot. Away, away, you trifler: Love, I love thee not,
I care not for thee, *Kate*: this is no World
To tilt with Lips.

We must have bloody Noses and crack'd Crowns,
And pass them currant too. Gods me, my Horse.
What say'st thou, *Kate*? what would'st thou have with me?

La. Do ye not love me? do you not indeed?
Well, do not then. For since you love me not,
I will not love my self. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if thou speakest in Jeast, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am a Horse back, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, *Kate*,
I must not have you henceforth, question me,
Whither I go: nor reason whereabouts.
Whither I must, I must: and to conclude,
This Evening must I leave thee, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wise, but yet no further wise
Then *Harry Percies* Wife. Constant you are,
But yet a Woman: and for Secrecy,
No Lady clofer. For I will believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,
And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you *Kate*,
Whether I go, thither shall you go too:
To day will I set forth, to morrow you.
Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It must of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Prince and Poynes.

Prin. Ned, prethee come out of that fat Room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poynes. Where hast been, *Hall*?

Prin. With three or four Logegerheads, amongst three or fourscore Hogheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn Brother to a lesh of Drawers, and can call them by their Names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any Tinker in his own Language: but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this penniworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under Skinner, one that never speak other English in his Life, then *Eight shilling and six pence*, and, *You are welcome*: with this shrill addition, *Anon Sir*, *Anon Sir*, *Score a pint of Bastard in the Half Moon*, or so. But *Ned*, to drive away time till *Falstaff* come, I prethee do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end he gave me the Sugar, and do never leave calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*: step aside, and I'll shew thee a Prefident.

Poy. Francis.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Poy. Francis.

Enter Drawer

Fran. Anon, anon Sir; look down into the Pomgarnet, *Ralf*.

Prince. Come hither, *Francis*. *Fran.* My Lord.

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, *Francis*?

Fran. Forsooth five years, and as much as to——

Poy. Francis. *Fran.* Anon, anon Sir.

Prin. Five years; Berlady a long Lease for the clinking of Pewter. But *Francis*, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the Coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I'll be sworn upon all the Books in *England*, I could find in my Heart.

Poy. Francis. *Fran.* Anon, anon, Sir.

Prin. How old art thou, *Francis*?

Fran. Let me see, about *Michaelmas* next I shall be——

Poy. Francis.

Fran. Anon Sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prin. Nay but hark you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a penniworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord Sir, I would it had been two.

Prin. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poy. Francis. *Fran.* Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon, *Francis*? No, *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*: or *Francis*, on Thursday: or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt. But *Francis*.

Fran

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Fran. My Lord.

Prin. Away you Rogue, dost thou hear them call?

[*Here they both call, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the Guest within: My Lord, old Sir John with half a dozen more, are at the Door: shall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone a while, and then open the Door, *Poynes.*

Enter Poynes.

Poyn. Anon, anon Sir.

Prin. Sirrah, *Falstaff* and the rest of the Thieves are at the Door, shall we be merry?

Poyn. As merry as Crickets my Lad. But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jeaft of the Drawer? Come, what's the issue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that have shewed themselves humors, since the old days of goodman *Adam*, to the pupil Age of this present twelve a Clock at midnight. What's a clock *Francis*?

Fran. Anon, anon Sir.

Prin. That ever this Fellow should have fewer Words then a Parret, and yet the Son of a Woman. His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percies* mind, the *Hotspur* of the North, he that kills me some fix or seven dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his Wife: Fie up on this quiet Life, I want work. O my sweet *Harry*, says she, how many hast thou kill'd to Day? Give my Roan Horse a dranch (says he,) and answers, some fourteen, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falstaff*, I'll play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawn shall play Dame *Mortimer* his Wife. *Rivo*, says the Drunkard. Call in *Ribs*, call in *Tallow.*

Enter Falstaff.

Poyn. Welcome *Jack*, where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards I say, and a vengeance too, marry and Amen. Give me a cup of Sack, Boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll fow nether stocks, and mend them too. A plague of all Cowards. Give me a Cup of Sack, Rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

Prin. Didst thou never see *Titan* kiss a dish of Butter, pitiful hearted *Titan* that melted at the sweet Tale of the Sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You Rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too: there is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous Man; yet a Coward is worse than a Cup of Sack with Lime. A villanous Coward, go thy ways old *Jack*, die when thou wilt, if Manhood, good Manhood be not forgot upon the Face of the Earth, then am I a shotten Herring: there lives not three good Men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help the while, a bad World I say. I would I were a *Weaver*, I could sing all manner of Songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

Prin.

Prin. How now *Woolfsack*, what mutter you ?

Fal. A Kings Son ? If I do not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a Dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a flock of Wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of *Wales* ?

Prin. Why you horsion round man ? what's the matter ?

Fal. Are you not a Coward ? answer me to that, and *Poynes* there ?

Prin. Ye fat Paunch, and ye call me Coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward ? I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee Coward : but I would give a thousand Pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are streight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back : Call you that backing of your Friends ? a Plague upon such backing : give me them that will face me. Give me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunk to day.

Prin. O Villain, thy Lips are scarce wip'd, since thou drunk'st last.

Falst. All's one for that.

[*He drinks.*]

A plague of all Cowards still, say I.

Prin. What's the matter ?

Falst. What's the matter ? here be four of us, have ta'en a thousand pound this Morning.

Prin. Where is it, *Jack* ? where is it !

Falst. Where is it ? taken from us, it is : a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prin. What, a hundred, man ?

Falst. I am a Rogue, if I were not at half Sword with a dozen of them two hours together, I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, four through the Hose, my Buckler cut through, my Sword hack'd like a Hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man : all would not do. A Plague of all Cowards : let them speak ; if they speak more or less than truth, they are Villains, and the Sons of darkness.

Prin. Speak Sirs, how was it ?

Gad. We four set upon some dozen.

Falst. Sixteen, at least, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falst. You Rogue they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gad. As we were tharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us.

Falst. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

Prin. What, fought ye with them all ?

Falst. All ? I know not what ye call all : but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a Bunch of Radish : if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Poin. Pray Heaven, you have not murdered some of them.

Falst. Nay, that's past Praying for. I have pepper'd two of them : Two I am sure I have payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, *Hall*, if I tell thee a Lye, spit in my face, call me Horse : thou knowest

knowest my old word : here I lay, and thus I bore my point ; four Rogues in Buckrom let drive at me:

Prince. What, four ? thou said'st but two, even now.

Falst. Four *Hal*, I told thee four.

Poin. I, I, he said four.

Falst. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me ; I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my Target, thus.

Prince. Seven ? why there were but four, even now.

Falst. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, four, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falst. Seven, by these Hilts, or I am a Villain else.

Prin. Prithee let him alone ; we shall have more anon.

Falst. Dost thou hear me, *Hal* ?

Prin. I, and mark thee too, *Jack*.

Falst. Do so, for it is worth the listning too : these nine in Buckrom that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falst. Their Points being broken.

Poin. Down fell his Horse.

Falst. Began to give me ground : but I followed me close, came in foot and hand ; and with a thought seven of the eleven I pay'd.

Prin. O monstrous ! eleven Buckrom men grown out of two ?

Falst. But as the Devil would have it, three misbegotten Knaves, in Kendal Green, came at my Back, and let drive at me ; for it was so dark, *Hal*, that thou could'st not see thy Hand.

Prin. These Lyes are like the Father that begets them, gross as a Mountain, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brain'd Guts ; thou Knotty-paited Fool, thou Horseon obscene greasie Tallow Catch.

Falst. What, art thou mad ? art thou mad ? is not the truth, the truth ?

Prin. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal Green, when it was so dark, thou could'st not see thy hand ? Come, tell us your Reason ; what say'st thou to this ?

Poin. Come, your Reason *Jack*, your Reason.

Falst. What, upon compulsion ? No ; were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a Reason on compulsion ? If Reasons were as plenty as Black-berries, I would give no man a Reason upon compulsion, I.

Prin. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine Coward, this Bed-preffer, this Horse-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Flesh.

Falst. Away you Starveling, you Elf-skin, you dried Neats-tongue, Bulls-pissel, you Stock-fish : O for breath to utter. What is like thee ? You Tailors Yard, you Sheath, you Bow-case, you vile standing Tuck.

Prin. Well, breathe a-while, and then to't again ; and when thou hast tyr'd thy self in base Comparisons, hear me speak but thus.

Poin. Mark *Jack*.

Prin. We two, saw you four set on four and bound them, and were Masters

Masters of their Wealth : mark now, how a plain Tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word, out-fac'd you from your Prize, and have it : yea, and can shew it you in the House. And *Falstaff*, you carried your Guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard Bull-Calf. What a Slave art thou, to hack thy Sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight. What trick ? what device ? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame ?

Poin. Come, let's hear *Jack* : What trick hast thou now ?

Falst. I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why hear ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heir apparent ? Should I turn upon the true Prince ? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules* : but beware instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince : Instinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on Instinct : I shall think the better of my self, and thee, during my life : I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you have the Money : Hostess, clap to the doors : watch to Night, pray to Morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boys, Hearts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry ? shall we have a Play *extempore*.

Prin. Content, and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Falst. A, no more of that, *Hal*, if thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My Lord the Prince ?

Prin. How now, my Lady the Hostess, what say'st thou to me ?

Host. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble-man of the Court at door would speak with you : he says he comes from your Father.

Prin. Give him as much as will make him a Royal man, and send him back again to my Mother.

Falst. What manner of man is he ?

Hostess. An old man.

Falst. What doth Gravity out of his Bed at Midnight ? Shall I give him his answer ?

Prin. Prethee do, *Jack*.

Falst. Faith, and I'll send him packing.

[*Exit.*

Prince. Now Sirs : you fought fair ; so did you *Peto*, so did you *Bardol* : You are Lions too, you ran away upon instinct : You will not touch the true Prince ; no, fie.

Bard. Faith I ran when I saw others run.

Prin. Tell me now in earnest, how came *Falstaff's* Sword so hackt ?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said, he would swear truth out of all *England* : but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and perswaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and tickle our Noses with Spear-grass, to make them bleed, and then beslobber our Garments with it, and swear it was the Blood of true men. I did that I did not these seven years before, I blusht to hear his monstrous devices.

Prin.

Prin. O Villain, thou stolest a Cup of Sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blusht *extempore*: thou hadst Fire and Sword on thy side, and yet thou ranneſt away: what inſtinſt hadſt thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, do you ſee theſe Meteors? do you behold theſe Exhalations?

Prin. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

Prin. Hot Livers, and cold Purſes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falſtaff.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes bare-bone. How now my ſweet Creature of Bombaſt, how long iſt ago, *Jack*, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thine own Knee?

Falſt. My own Knee? When I was about thy years, (*Hſ!*) I was not an Eagles Talon in the Waſte, I could have crept into any Aldermans Thumb-Ring: a plague of ſighing and grief, it blows a Man up like a Bladder. There's villanous News abroad: Here was Sir *John Braby* from your Father; you muſt go to the Court in the Morning. The ſame mad fellow of the North, *Percy*; and he of Wales, that gave *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and ſwore the Devil his true Liege-man upon the Croſs of a Welſh-hook; what a Plague call you him?

Poin. O, *Glendower*.

Falſt. Owen, Owen; the ſame, and his Son in Law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprightly Scot of Scots, *Douglas*, that runs a Horſe back up a Hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rides at high ſpeed, and with a Piſtol kills a Sparrow flying.

Falſt. You have hit it.

Prin. So did he never the Sparrow.

Falſt. Well, that Rascal hath good metal in him, he will not run.

Prin. Why, what a Rascal art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Falſt. A Horſe-back, (ye Cuckow) but a-foot he will not budge a foot.

Prin. Yes, *Jack*, upon inſtinſt.

Falſt. I grant ye, upon inſtinſt: Well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blew-Caps more, *Worceſter* is ſtohn away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is turn'd white with the News: you may buy Land now as cheap as ſtinking Mackerel.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sun, and this civil buffet-ting hold, we ſhall buy Maidenheads as they buy hobnails, by the hundreds.

Falſt. By the Maſs, Lad, thou ſay'ſt true; it is like we ſhall have good trading that way. But tell me, *Hſ!*, art not thou horrible afraid? thou being Heir apparent, could the World pick thee out three ſuch Enemies again as that Fiend *Douglas*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Devil *Glendower*? Art thou not horrible afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

E

Prin.

Prin. Not a whit: I lack some of thy instinct.

Falst. Well, thou wilt be horrible chid to morrow, when thou comest to thy Father: if thou do love me, practise an answer.

Prin. Do thou stand for my Father, and examine me upon the particulars of my Life.

Falst. Shall I? content: This Chair shall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion **my Crown**.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a Joyn'd-Stool, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crown for a pitiful bald Crown.

Falst. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a Cup of Sack to make mine Eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept, for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King *Cambyfes* vein.

Prin. Well, here is my Leg.

Falst. And here is my speech: stand aside Nobility.

Hoftefs. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Falst. Harry, I do not only marvel, where thou spendest thy time; but also, how thou are accompanied: For though the Camomil, the more it is trodden, the faster it grows; yet Youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our Land, by the name of Pitch: this Pitch (as ancient Writers do report) doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for *Harry*, now I do not speak to thee in Drink, but in Tears; not in Pleasure, but in Passion; not in Words only, but in Woes also: and yet there is a vertuous Man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his Name.

Prin. What manner of Man, and it like your Majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly Man i'faith, and corpulent, of a chearful Look, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble Carriage, and as I think, his Age some fifty, or (by'r lady) inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his Name is *Falstaff*: If that Man should be lewdly given, he deceives me; for *Harry*, I see Vertue in his Looks. If then the Tree may be known by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I speak it, there is Vertue in that *Falstaff*: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty Varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this Month?

Prin. Do'st thou speak like a King? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my Father.

Fal. Depose me: if thou do'st it half so gravely, so majestically, both in Word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a Rabbit-sucker, or a Poulterers Hare.

Prin. Well, here I am set.

Falst. And here I stand: judge, my Masters.

Prin. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Falst. My Noble Lord, from *East-cheap*.

Prin. The Complaints I hear of thee, are grievous.

Falst. I'faith, my Lord, they are false: Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

Prin.

Brin. Swearst thou, ungracious Boy? henceforth ne're look on me, thou art violently carried away from Grace: there's a Devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man; a Tun of Man is thy Companion: Why, that Reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that Father Ruffian, that Vanity in years, wherein is he good, but to taste Sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a Capon and eat it? wherein Cunning, but in Craft? wherein Crafty, but in Villany? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falst. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom means your Grace?

Prin. That villanous abominable mis-leader of Youth *Falstaff*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Falst. My Lord, the man I know.

Prin. I know thou do'st.

Falst. But to say, I know more harm in him than in my self, were to say more than I know. That he is old (the more's the pity) his white hairs do witness it: But that he is (saving your Reverence) a Whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If Sack and Sugar be a fault, Heaven help the wicked: if to be old and merry, be a sin, then many a Host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat, to be hated, then *Pharaoh's* lean Kine are to be loved. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish *Poins*: but for sweet *Jack Falstaff*, kind *Jack Falstaff*, true *Jack Falstaff*, valiant *Jack Falstaff*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is old *Jack Falstaff*, banish not him thy *Harry's* company; banish plump *Jack*, and banish all the World.

Prin. I do, I will.

Enter Bardolph running

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriff with a most monstrous Watch, is at the door.

Falst. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I have much to say in the behalf of that *Falstaff*.

Enter the Hostess.

Host. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Falst. Heigh, heigh; the Devil rides upon a Fiddle-stick: what's the matter?

Host. The Sheriff and all the Watch are at the door: they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

Falst. Do'st thou hear, *Hal*? never call a true piece of Gold a Counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

Prin. And thou a natural Coward, without instinct.

Falst. I deny your *Major*; if you will deny the Sheriff, so: if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up: I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a Halter, as another

Prince. Go hide thee behind the Arras, the rest walk up above. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Falst. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sheriff.

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier. [Exit.

Prince. Now Master Sheriff, what is your will with me?

She. First, pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certain men unto this House.

Prin. What Men?

She. One of them is well known, my gracious Lord, a gross fat Man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prin. The man, I do assure you is not here,
For I my self at this time have imploy'd him :
And Sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow Dinner time,
Send him to answer thee, or any Man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal :
And so let me intreat you, leave the House.

She. I will, my Lord : there are two Gentlemen
Have in this Robbery lost three hundred Marks.

Prin. It may be so : If he have robb'd these Men,
He shall be answerable : And so farewell.

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prin. I think it is Good Morrow, is is not ?

She. Indeed, my Lord, I think it be two a Clock. [Exit.

Prin. This oyley Rascal is known as well as Pauls : go call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff ! Fast asleep behind the Arras, and snorting like a Horse.

Prin. Hark, how hard he fetches his breath : Search his Pockets.

He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth certain Papers.

Prin. What hast thou found ?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

Prin. Let's see, what be they ? read them.

Peto. Item, a Capon.

ii s. ii d.

Item, Sawce.

iiii d.

Item, Sack, two Gallons.

v s. viii d.

Item, Anchoves and Sack after Supper.

ii s. vi d.

Item, Bread.

ob.

Prince. O monstrous, but one half penny-worth of Bread to this intolerable deal of Sack ? What there is else, keep close, we'll read it at more advantage : there let him sleep till day. I'll to the Court in the Morning : We must all to the Wars, and thy place shall be honorable. I'll procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a March of Twelve-score. The Money shall be pay'd back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning : And so good morrow Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord.

[Exeunt.

A C T.

A G T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. These Promises are fair, the Parties sure,
And our Induction full of prosperous hope.

Hotsp. Lord Mortimer, and Cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down?

And Uncle Worcester; a plague upon it,
I have forgot the Map.

Glend. No, here it is;

Sit Cousin Percy, sit good Cousin Hotspur:
For by that Name, as oft as Lancaster doth speak of you,
His Cheeks look pale, and with a rising sigh,
He wisheth you in Heaven.

Hotsp. And you in Hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Nativity,
The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning Cressets: and at my Birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hotsp. Why so it would have done at the same Season, if your Mothers
Cat had but kitten'd, though your self had never been born.

Glend. I say the Earth did shake when I was born.

Hotsp. And I say the Earth was not of my mind:
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook

Glen. The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hotsp. Oh, then the Earth shook.

To see the Heavens on fire.

And not in fear of your Nativity.

Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange Eruptions: And the teeming Earth

Is with a kind of Cholick pinch'd and vext,

By the imprisoning of unruly Wind

Within her Womb: which for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old Beldam Earth, and tumbles down

Steeple, and moss-grown Towers. At your Birth,

Our Grandam Earth, having this Distemperature,

In passion shook.

Glen. Cousin: Of many Men

I do not bear these Crossings: Give me leave

To tell you once again, that at my Birth

The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes,

The Goats ran from the Mountains, and the Herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields:

These

These Signs have mark'd me extraordinary,

And all the Courses of my life do shew,

I am not in the Roll of common Men.

Where is the Living, clipt in with the Sea,

That chides the Banks of *England*, *Scotland* and *Wales*,

Which calls me Pupil, or hath read to me?

And bring him out, that is but Womans Son,

Can trace me in the tedious ways of Art,

And hold me pace in deep Experiments.

Hotsp. I think there's no Man speaks better Welsh?

I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, Cousin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vastie Deep.

Hotsp. Why so can I, or so can any Man:

But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the Devil.

Hotsp. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Devil,

By telling Truth. Tell Truth, and shame the Devil.

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,

And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.

Oh, while you live, tell Truth, and shame the Devil.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable Chat.

Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrook* made head

Against my power: thrice from the Banks of *Wye*,

And Sandy-bottom *Severn*, have I sent him,

Bootless home, and Weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home, without Boots,

And in foul Weather too,

How scapes he Agues in the Devil's name?

Glend. Come, her's the Map:

Shall we divide our Right,

According to our threefold order ta'ne?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath divided it

Into three Limits, very equally:

England, from *Trent*, and *Severn* hitherto,

By South and East is to my part assign'd:

All Westward, *Wales*, beyond the *Severn* shore,

And all the fertile Land within that bound,

To *Owen Glendower*: and dear Couze, to you

The remnant Northward, lying off from *Trent*.

And our Indentures Tripartite are drawn:

Which being sealed enterchangeably,

(A business that this Night may execute)

To morrow, Cousin *Percy*, you and I,

And my good Lord of *Worcester*, will set forth,

To meet your Father, and the Scottish Power,

As is appointed us at *Shrewsbury*.

My Father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:
Within that space, you may have drawn together
Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glend. A short time shall send me to you, Lords:
And in my Conduet shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave,
For there will be a world of Water shed,
Upon the parting of your Wives and you.

Hotsp. Methinks my moiety, North from *Burton* here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this River comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my Land,
A huge half Moon, a monstrous Cantle out.
I'll have the Current in this Place damn'd up,
And here the smug, and Silver *Trent* shall run,
In a new Channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom ~~here~~.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mort. Yea, but mark how he bends his course,
And runs me up, with like advantage on the other side,
Gelding the opposing Continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Worc. Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here,
And on this North side win this Cape of Land,
And then he runs straight and even.

Hotsp. I'll have it so, a little Charge will do it.

Glend. I'll not have it alter'd.

Hotsp. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hotsp. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hotsp. Let me not understand you then, speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, Lord, as well as you:

For I was train'd up in the English Court:
Where, being but young, I fram'd to the Harp,
Many an English Ditty, lovely well,
And gave the Tongue a helpful Ornament;
A Vertue that was never seen in you.

Hotsp. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my Heart,
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same meeter-Ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear a Brazen Candlestick tun'd,
Or a dry Wheel grate on the Axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth on Edge,
Nothing so much as mincing Poetrie;

'Tis like the forc'd gate of a shuffling Nag,
Glend. Come, you shall have *Trent* turn'd.
Hotsp. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much Land
 To any well-deserving Friend;
 But in the way of Bargain, mark ye me,
 I'll cavil on the ninth part of a Hair.
 Are the Indentures drawn, shall we be gone? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, give us leave:
 The Prince of *Wales*, and I,
 Must have some private Conference,
 But be near at hand,
 For we shall presently have need of you. [*Exeunt Lords.*]
 I know not whether Heaven will have it so,
 For some displeasing Service I have do;
 That in his secret Doom, out of my Blood,
 He'll-breed Revengement, and a Scourge for me:
 But thou dost in thy passages of Life,
 Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
 For the hot Vengeance, and the Rod of Heaven
 To punish my Mistreadings. Tell me else,
 Could such inordinate and low desires,
 Such poor, such bare, such lew'd, such mean Attempts,
 Such barren Pleasures, rude Society,
 As thou art match'd withall, and grafted too,
 Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
 And hold their level with thy Princely heart?

Prince. So please your Majesty, I would I could
 Quit all Offences with as clear excuse,
 As well as I am doubtless I can purge
 My self of many I am charg'd withal:
 Yet such extenuation let me beg,
 I may for some things true, wherein my youth
 Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
 Find pardon on my true submission.

King. Heaven pardon thee:
 Yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
 At thy Affections, which do hold a Wing
 Quite from the flight of all thy Ancestors,
 Thy place in Council thou hast rudely lost,
 Which by thy younger Brother is supply'd;
 And art almost an alien to the Hearts
 Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.

The Hope and Expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soul of every man
Prophetically do fore-think thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my Presence been,
So common hackney'd in the ways of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar Company ;
Opinion, that did help me to the Crown,
Had still kept loyal to Possession,
And left me in reputeless Banishment,
A Fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at.
That Men would tell their Children, This is he.
Others would say, where ? which is *Bullingbrook* ?
But now there's not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more :
Which now doth, that I would not have it do,
Make blind it self with foolish tendernefs.

Prince. I shall heereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my self.

King. For all the World,
As thou art to this hour, was *Richard* then,
When I from *France* set forth at *Ravenspur*g ;
And even as I was then, is *Percy* now :
Now by my Scepter, and my Soul to boot,
He hath more worthy Interest to the State
Than thou the Shadow of Succession ;
For of no Right, nor Colour like to Right,
He doth fill Fields with Harness in the Realm,
Turns Head against the Lyon's armed Jaws ;
And being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient Lords, and reverend Bishops on
To bloody Battels, and to bruising Arms.
What never-dying Honour hath he got,
Against renowned *Dowglas* ?
Thrice hath the *Hotspur* Mars, in swathing Cloaths,
This infant Warriour, in his Enterprises,
Discomfired great *Dowglas*, ta'ne him once,
Enlarged him, and made a Friend of him,
To fill the Mouth of deep Defiance up,
And shake the Peace and Safety of our Throne.
And what say you to this ? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
The Arch-Bishops Grace of *York*, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell this News to thee ?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my Foes,

F

Which

Which art my near'st and dearest Enemy?
 Thou art like enough, through Vassal Fear,
 Base Inclination, and the start of Spleen,
 To fight against me under Percie's Pay,
 To dog his Heels, and courtise at his Frowns.
 To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
 And Heaven forgive them, that so much have sway'd
 Your Majesties good Thoughts away from me:
 I will redeem all this on Percie's Head,
 And in the closing of some glorious day,
 Be bold to tell you, that I am your Son,
 When I will wear a Garment all of Blood,
 And stain my Favours in a bloody Mask:
 Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.
 And that shall be the day, when e're it lights,
 That this same Child of Honour and Renown,
 This gallant *Hotspur*, this all-praised Knight,
 And your unthought of *Harry*, chance to meet:
 For every Honour sitting on his Helm,
 Would they were multitudes, and on my Head
 My Shames redoubled. For the time will come,
 That I shall make this Northern Youth exchange
 His Glorious Deeds for my Indignities:
Percy is but my Factor.

Or I will tear the Reckoning from his Heart.
 This, in the the Name of Heaven, I promise here:
 The which, if I promise, and do survive,
 I do beseech your Majesty, may salve
 The long-grown Wounds of my intemperance:
 If not, the end of Life cancels all Bands,
 And I will dye a hundred thousand deaths,
 E'er break the smallest parcel of this Vow.

King. A hundred thousand Rebels die in this:
 Thou shalt have Charge, and Sovereign Trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good *Blunt*? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
 Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath sent word,
 That *Douglas* and the *English* Rebels met
 The eleventh of this Month, at *Shrewsbury*:
 A mighty and a fearful Head they are,
 (If promises be kept on every hand)
 As ever offered foul play in a State.

King. The Earl of *Westmerland* set forth to day:
 With him my Son, Lord *John* of *Lincoln*;
 For this Advertisement is five days old.

On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward :

On Thursday, we our selves will march.

Our meeting is Bridgenorth : And Harry, you shall march

Through Gloucestershire : By which account,

Our business valued, some twelve days hence,

Our general Forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.

Our hands are full of business : Let's away,

Advantage feeds them fat, while Men delay.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Falstaff, and Bardolph.

Falst. Bardolph, am I not slain away vilely, since this last action? Do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why my skin hangs about me like an old Ladies loose Gown : I am withered like an old Apple John. Well I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking : I shall be out of Heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the in-side of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper Corn, a Brewers Horse : The in-side of a Church. Company, villanous Company hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Falst. Why there it is : Come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merr-y : I was as virtuously given, as a Gentleman need to be, virtuous enough, swore little, Dic'd not above seven times a week, went to a Bawdy-house not above once in a quarter of an hour, paid money that I borrowed three or four times : lived well, and in good compass : And now I live out of all order, out of compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass ; out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Falst. Do thou amend thy Face, and I'll amend my Life. Thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the Lantern in the Poop, but 'tis in the Nose of thee ; thou art the Knight of the burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my Face does you no harm.

Falst. No, I'll be sworn : I make as good use of it, as many a Man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a Memento Mori. I never see thy Face, but I think upon Hell Fire, when thou rann'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my Horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an Ignis fatuus, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no purchase in Money. O, thou art a perpetual Triumph, an everlasting Bone-fire-light, thou hast saved me a thousand Marks in Links and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Tavern and Tavern : But the Sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me light as good cheap, at the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I have maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years, Heaven reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your belly.

Falst. So should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame *Parlet* the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket ?

Hostess. Why, Sir *John*, what do you think, Sir *John* ? do you think I keep Thieves in my House ? I have search'd, I have enquir'd, so has my Husband. Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Servant by Servant : The tigh of a Hair was never lost in my House before.

Falst. Ye lye, *Hostess* : *Bardolph* was shav'd, and lost many a Hair ; and I'll be sworn my Pocket was pick'd ; go to, you are a Woman, go.

Hostess. Who I ? I defie thee. I was never so call'd so in mine own House before.

Falst. Go to, I know you well enough.

Hostess. No, Sir *John* : You do not know me, Sir *John* ; I know you, Sir *John* : You owe me Money, Sir *John*, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it : I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your back.

Falst. Dowlas, filthy Dowlas : I have given them away to Bakers Wives. and they have made Boulters of them.

Hostess. Now as I am a true Woman, *Holland* of eight shillings an Ell : You owe Money here besides, Sir *John*, for your Diet, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Falst. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hostess. He ? alas ! he is poor, he hath nothing.

Falst. How ? poor ? look upon his face : What call you rich ? Let him coyn his Nose, let him coyn his Cheeks, I'll not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Yonker of me ? Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inn, but I shall have my Pocket pick'd ? I have lost a Seal-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth forty Mark. -

Hostess. I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Falst. How ? the Prince is a Jack, a Sneak-Cup : and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a Dog, if he would say so.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaff meets him, playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.

Falst. How now, Lad ? is the wind in that Door ? Must we all march ?

Bard. Yea, two and two, *Newgate* fashion.

Host. My Lord, I pray you hear me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Mistress *Quickly* ? How does thy Husband ? I love him well, he is an honest Man.

Hostess. Good, my Lord, hear me.

Falst. Prethee let her alone, and list to me.

Prince. What say'st thou, *Jack* ?

Falst. The other night I fell asleep here behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pick'd : This House is turn'd Bawdy-house, they pick Pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, *Jack* ?

Falst. Wilt thou believe me, *Hal* ? Three or four Bonds of forty pound a piece, and a Seal-Ring of my Grand-fathers.

Prince.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Hof. So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say so: And (my Lord) he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd Man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

Prince. What, he did not?

Hof. There's neither Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stude Prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn Fox: and for Woman-hood, Maid-Marian may be the Deputies Wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing, go.

Hof. Say, what thing? what thing?

Falst. What thing? why a thing to thank Heaven on.

Hof. I am nothing to thank Heaven on, I would thou shouldst know it: I am an honest Man's Wife: and setting thy Knighthood aside, thou art a Knave to call me so.

Falst. Setting thy Womanhood aside, thou art a Beast to say otherwise.

Hof. Say, what Beast, thou Knave thou?

Fal. What Beast? Why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, Sir John, why an Otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh, a Man knows not where to have her.

Hof. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou, or any Man knows where to have me, thou Knave thou.

Prin. Thou say'st true, Hostess, and he flanders thee most grossly.

Hof. So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other day, you ow'd him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million: thou ow'st me thy love.

Hof. Nay, my Lord, he call'd you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bar. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my Ring was Copper.

Prin. I say 'tis Copper. Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal? thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I dare; but as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lyons Whelp.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himself is to be feared as the Lyon: Do'st thou think I'll fear thee, as I fear thy Father? nay if I do, let my Girdle break.

Prin. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees. Why thou horson impudent, imboist Rascal, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tavern Recknings, Memorandums of Bawdy-Houses, and one poor penny-worth of Sugar-candy to make thee long-winded: And yet you will stand to it, you will not Pocket up Wrongs. Art thou not ashamed?

Fal.

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal*? Thou know'st in the state of Innocency, *Adam* fell; and what would poor *Jack Falstaff* do, in the days of Villany? Thou see'st, I have more flesh than another man, and therefore, frailty. You confess then you pickt my Pocket?

Prin. It appears so by the Story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee:
Go make ready Breakfast, love thy Husband,
Look to thy Servants, and cherish thy Guests:
Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest Reason:
Thou see'st, I am pacified still.

Nay, I preethee be gone.

[*Exit Hostess.*]

Now, *Hal*, to the news at Court for the Robbery, Lad?

How is that answered? *Prin.* O my sweet Beef:

I must still be good Angel to thee.

The Money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double Labour.

Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with un-wash'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my Lord.

Prin. I have procured thee, *Jack*, a Charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had been of Horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine Thief, of two and twenty, or thereabout: I am hainously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but the Virtuous. I laud them, I praise them.

Prin. Bardolph.

Bar. My Lord.

Prin. Go bear this Letter to Lord *John* of Lancaster, to my Brother *John*. This to my Lord of *Westmerland*:

Go *Peto*, to Horse: for thou, and I,
Have thirty Miles to ride yet e're dinner time.

Jack, meet me to Morrow in the *Temple-Hall*

At two a Clock in the Afternoon,

There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receive
Money, and Order for their Furniture.

The Land is burning, *Percy* stands on hie,
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

Fal. Rare words: brave World,

Hostess, my Breakfast, come:

Oh, I could wish this Tavern were my Drum.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Harry Hotspur, Worcester, and Dowglas.

Hot. WELL said, my Noble Scot, if speaking truth
In this fine Age were not thought Flattery,

Such

Such attribution should the *Douglas* have,
As not a Souldier of this Seasons stamp,
Should go so general currant through the World.
By Heaven I cannot flatter: I defie
The Tongues of Soothers. But a braver Place
In my Heart's love, hath no Man than your Self.
Nay, task me to my word: approve me, Lord.
Dow. Thou art the King of Honour:
No Man so potent breathes upon the Ground,
But I will Beard him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well. What Letters hast thou there? I can but thank you.

Mes. These Letters come from your Father,

Hot. Letters from him? Why comes he not himself?

Mes. He cannot come, my Lord, He is grievous sick.

Hot. How? has he the leisure to be sick now,
In such a justling time? who leads his Power?
Under whose Government come they along?

Mes. His Letters bear his mind, not I his mind.

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keep his Bed?

Mes. He did, my Lord, four days ere I set forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Physician.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by Sickness had been visited;
His Health was never better worth than now.

Hotsp. Sick now? droop now? this sickness doth infect
The very Life-blood of our Enterprize,
'Tis catching hither, even to our Camp.
He writes me here, that inward Sickness,
And that his Friends by deputation
Could not so soon be drawn: nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On a Soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold Advertisement,
That with our small Conjunction we should on,
To see how Fortune is dispos'd to us,
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly possesst
Of all our Purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your Father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hotsp. A perillous Gash, a very Limb lost off:
And yet, in faith, 'tis not his present want
Seems more than we shall find it,
Were it good, to set the exact Wealth of all our States
All at one Cast? to set so rich a Mine
On the nice hazard of one doubtful Hour,

It were not good : for therein should we read
The very bottom, and the Soul of hope,
The very Lift, the very utmost bound
Of all our Fortunes.

Doug. Faith; and so we should,
A comfort of Retirement lives in this.

Hotsp. A Rendezvous at Home to flie unto,
If that the Devil and Mischance look big
Upon the Maidenhead of our Affair.

Wor. But yet I would your Father had been here :
The Quality and Heir of our Attempt
Brooks no Division : It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That Wisdom, Loyalty, and meer Dislike
Of our Proceedings, kept the Earl from hence.
And think, how such an Apprehension
May turn the Tide of fearful Faction,
And breed a kind of Question in our Cause :
This absence of your Father draws a Curtain,
That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hotsp. You strain too far.
I rather of his Absence make this use:
It lends a Lustre, and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,
Than if the Earl were here : for men must think,
If we without his help, can make a Head
To push against the Kingdom : with his help,
We shall o'return it topsie-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joynts art whole.

Doug. As heart can think:
There is not such a word spoke of in *Scotland*,
As this Dream of Fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hotsp. My Cousin *Vernon*, welcome by my Soul.

Vern. Pray God my News be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earl of *Westmerland*, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hither-wards with Prince *John*.

Hotsp. No harm : what more ?

Vern. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himself in Person hath set forth,
Or hither-wards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty Preparation.

Hotsp. He shall be welcome too,
Where is his Son,
The nimble-footed Mad-cap, Prince of *Wales*,
And his Comrades, that dash the World aside,

And bid it pass ?

Vern. All furnisht, all in Arms,
All plum'd like Estridges, that with the Wind
Baited like Eagles, having lately bath'd,
Glittering in Golden Coats, like Images,
As full of Spirit as the Month of May,
And gorgeous as the Sun at Mid-summer,
Wanton as youthful Goats, wild as young Bulls.
I saw young Harry with his Beaver on,
His Cushes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his Seat,
As if an Angel dropt down from the Clouds
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witcht the world with noble Horfemanship.

Hotsp. No more, no more;
Worse than the Sun in March,
This Praise doth nourish Agues : let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoaky War,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them :
The mailed Mars shall on his Altar sit
Up to the ears in Blood. I am on fire,
To here this rich Reprizal is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse,
Who is to bear me like a Thunder-bolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse
Meet, and ne're part, till one drop down a Coarse ?
Oh, that Glendower were come.

Ver. There is more News :
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst Tidings that I hear of, yet.

Wor. I, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hotsp. What may the Kings whole Battel reach unto ?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be,

My Father and Glendower being both away,
The Power of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a Muster speedily :
Dooms-day is near ; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
Of death, or deaths hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falst. *Bardolph*, get thee before to *Coventry*, fill me a Bottle of Sack; our Souldiers shall march through: we'll to *Sutton-cop-hill* to Night.

Bard. Will you give me Money, Captain?

Falst. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angel.

Falst. And if it do, take it for thy labour: And if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the Coynage. Bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meet me at the Towns end.

Bard. I will Captain: farewell.

[*Exit.*

Falst. If I be not ashamed of my Souldiers, I am a fowc't Gurnet: I have mis-us'd the Kings Press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty Souldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good House holders, Yeomens Sons: enquire me out contracted Batchelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the Banes: such a Commodity of warm Slaves, as had as lieve hear the Devil, as a Drum; such as fear the report of a Caliver, worse than a struck-Fool, or a hurt Wild Duck. I prest me none but such Tostes and Butters, with hearts in their Bellies no bigger than Pins heads, and they have bought out their Services: And now my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth, where the Gluttons Dogs licked his Sores; and such as indeed were never Souldiers, but discarded unjust Servingmen, younger Sons to younger Brothers: Revolted Tapsters and Ostlers, Tradefoln, the Cankers of a calm World, and long Peace, ten times more dishonourable, ragged, than an old-fac'd Ancient; and such have I to fill up the Rooms of them that have bought out their Services: That you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd Prodigals, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draff and Husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the Gibbets, and prest the dead Bodies. No eye hath seen such Skar-Crows: I'll not march through *Coventry* with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villains march wide betwixt the Legs, as if they had Gyves on; for indeed, I had the most of them out of Prison. There's not a Shirt and a half in all my Company: and the half Shirt is two Napkins tack'd together, and thrown over the Shoulders like a Heralds Coat, without sleeves: And the Shirt, to say the truth, stoln from my Host of *S. Albans*; or the Red-Nose Inn-keeper of *Dayntry*. But that's all one, they'll find Linnen enough on every Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prince. How now, blown Jack? how now, Quilt?

Falst. What, *Hal*? How now, mad Wag, what a Devil do'st thou in *Warwick-shire*? My good Lord of *Westmerland*, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already been at *Shrewsbury*.

West. Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too: But my Powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all to Night.

Falst.

With the Humours of Sir John Falstaff. 43

Falst. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steal Cream.

Prince. I think to steal Cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee Butter: But tell me, *Jack*, whose Fellows are these that come after? *Falst.* Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prince. I did never see such pitiful Rascals.

Falst. Tut, tut, good enough to toss: food for Powder, food for Powder: they'll fill a Pit, as well as better: tush Man, mortal Men, mortal Men.

Westm. I, but Sir *John*, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

Prin. No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three fingers on the Ribs, bare. But, firrah, make haste. *Percy* is already in the Field.

Falst. What, is the King encamp'd?

West. He is, *John*, I fear we shall stay too long.

Falst. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull Fighter, and a keen Guest. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hotsp. We'll fight with him to Night. *Worc.* It may not be.

Dowg. You give him then advantage. *Vern.* Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for Supply?

Vern. So do we. *Hotsp.* His is certain, Ours is doubtful.

Worc. Good Cousin be advis'd, stir not to Night.

Vern. Do not, my Lord. *Dowg.* You do not counsel well:

You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Vern. Do me no slander, *Dowglas*: By my Life,
And I dare well maintain it with my Life,
If well-respected Honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day lives.
Let it be seen to-morrow in the Battle,

• Which of us fears. *Dowg.* Yea, or to night.

Vern. Content. *Hotsp.* To night, say I.

Vern. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being Men of such great Leading as you are,
That you foresee not what Impediments
Drag back our Expedition: certain Horse
Of my Cousin *Vernon's* are not yet come up,
Your Uncle *Worcester's* Horse came but to day,
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their Courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a Horse is half the half of himself.

Hotsp. So are the Horse of the Enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low:

The better part of Ours are full of rest.

Worc. The number of the Kings exceedeth ours:
For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hotsp. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt*:
And would to God you were of our determination.
Some of us love you well: and even those some
Envy your great Deservings, and good Name,
Because you are not of our Quality,
But stand against us like an Enemy.

Blunt. And Heaven defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You stand against Anointed Majesty.
But to my Charge.

The King hath sent to know
The Nature of your Griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of Civil peace,
Such bold Hostility, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious Cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good Deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your Griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires, with interest:
And Pardon absolute for your self, and these,
Herein mis-led by your suggestion.

Hot. The King is kind:
And well we know, the King
Knows at what time to Promise, when to Pay.
My Father, my Uncle, and my self,
Did give him that same Royalty he wears:
And when he was not fix and twenty strong,
Sick in the Worlds regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded Out-law, sneaking home,
My Father gave him welcome to the shore:
And when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of *Lancaster*,
To sue out his Livery, and beg his Peace,
With tears of Innocency, and terms of zeal:
My Father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realm
Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did lean to him,
They more and less came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,

Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes,
Laid Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oaths,
Gave him their Heirs, as Pages, followed him,
Even at the Heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows it self,
Steps me a little higher than his Vow
Made to my Father, while his Blood was poor;
Upon the naked shore at *Ravenspur*g:
And now (forsooth) takes on him to reform
Some certain Edicts, and some strait Decrees,
That lay too heavy on the Common-wealth;
Cries out upon Abuses, seems to weep
Over his Countreys Wrongs: and by his Face,
This seeming Brow of Justice, did he win
The Hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Favourites, that the absent King
In deputation left behind him here.
When he was personal in the *Irish* War.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the King,
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his Life:
And in the neck of that, task't the whole State.
To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman *March*,
Who is, if every Owner were right plac'd,
Indeed his King, to be engag'd in *Wales*,
There, without Ransom, to lie forfeited:
Disgrac'd me in my happy Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Uncle from the Council Board,
In rage dismiss'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath, committing Wrong on Wrong,
And in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This Head of safety; and withal, to prie
Into his Title: the which we find
Too indirect, for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the King?

Hotsp. Not so, Sir *Walter*.

We'll withdraw a while:

Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my Uncle
Bring him our purpose: and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Love.

Hotsp.

Hotsp. And't may be, so we shall.
Blunt. Pray Heaven you do. [Exeunt.]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.

King. **H**ow bloudily the Sun begins to peer
 Above yon busky hill: the Day looks pale
 At his Distemperature [The Trumpet sounds.]

Enter Worcester.

King. How now, my Lord of Worcester? 'Tis not well
 That you and I should meet upon such terms,
 As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our Trust,
 And made us doff our easie Robe of Peace,
 To crush our old Limbs in ungentle Steel;
 This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
 What say you to it? Will you again unknit
 This churlish Knot of all-aborred War?
 And move in that Obedient Orb again,
 Where you did give a fair and natural light,
 And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
 A Prodigie of Fear, and a Portent
 Of broached Mischief, to the unborn Time?

Mor. Hear me, my Liege:
 For mine own part, I could be well content
 To entertain the Lag end of my life
 With quiet hours: For I do protest,
 I have not fought the day of this dislike.

King. You have not fought it: how come it then?

Falst. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty, to turn your looks
 Of Favour, from my Self, and all our House;
 And yet I must remember you, my Lord,
 We were the first, and dearest of your Friends:
 For you, my Staff of Office did I break
 In *Richard's* time, and posted day and night
 To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
 When yet you were in place, and in account
 Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I;
 It was my self, my Brother, and his Son,
 That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
 The danger of the time. You swore to us,
 And you did swear that Oath to *Doncaster*,
 That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,

Nor

Not claim no further, then your new-faln right,
The Seat of *Gaunt*, Dukedom of *Lancaster*.
To this, we sware our aid : But in short space
It rain'd down Fortune showing on your head,
And such a flood of Greatness fell on you.
And being fed by us, you us'd us so,
As that ungentle gull the Cuckows Bird
Useth the Sparrow, did oppress our Nest,
Grew by our Feeding, to so great a Bulk,
That even our Love durst not come near your fight
For fear of swallowing : But with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for safety's sake to fly
Out of your fight, and raise this present Head,
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you your self have forg'd against your self,
By unkind Usage, dangerous Countenance,
And violation of all Faith and Troth
Sworn to us in your younger Enterprize.

King. These things indeed you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at *Market Crosse*s, read in Churches,
To face the Garment of Rebellion :
And never yet did Insurrection want
Such Water-colours, to impaint his Cause :
Nor moody Beggars, starving for a time
Of Pell-mell Havock, and Confusion.

Prin. In both our Armies, there is many a Soul
Shall pay full dearly for this Encounter,
If once they joyn in Trial. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of *Wales* doth joyn with all the World
In praise of *Henry Percy* : By my Hopes,
This present Enterprize set off his head,
I do not think a braver Gentleman,
More Active, Valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter Age with Noble Deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a Truant been to Chivalry,
And so I hear he doth account me too :
Yet this before my Fathers Majesty,
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great Name and Estimation,
And will, to save the Blood on either side,
Try Fortune with him, in a Single Fight.

King. And, Prince of *Wales*, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit, Considerations infinite
Do make against it : No, good *Worster*, no,
We love our People well ; even thole we love

That

That are misled upon your Cousins part :
 And will they take the offer of our Grace :
 Both he, and they, and you, yea, every Man
 Shall be my Friend again, and I'll be his.
 So tell your Cousin, and bring me Word,
 What he will do. But if he will not yield,
 Rebuke and dread Correction wait on us,
 And they shall do their Office. So be gone,
 We will not now be troubled with reply,
 We offer fair, take it advisedly. [Exit Worcester.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my Life,
 The *Douglas* and the *Hotspur* both together,
 Are confident against the World in Arms.

King. Hence therefore, every Leader to his Charge,
 For on their Answer will we set on them ;
 And God besfriend us, as our Cause is just. [Exeunt.

Manet Prince and Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the Bartel,
 And bestride me, so ; 'tis a point of Friendship.

Prin. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that Friendship :
 Say thy Prayers, and farewell.

Falstf. I would it were Bed-time, *Hal,* and all well.

Prin. Why, thou owest Heaven a death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet : I would be loth to pay him before his day.
 What need I be so forward with him that call's not on me ? Well, 'tis
 no matter, Honour pricks me on ? But now if Honour prick me off
 when I come on ? How then ; Can Honour set to a leg ? No : or an
 arm ? No : Or take away the grief of a Wound ? No : Honour hath no
 skill in Surgery then ? No. What is Honour ? a Word. What is that
 Word Honour ? Air : A trim Reckoning. Who hath it ? He that dy'd
 a *Wednesday*. Doth he feel it ? No. Doth he hear it ? No. Is it
 insensible then ? yea, to the Dead. But will it not live with the living ?
 No. Why ? Detraction will not suffer it, therefore I'll none of it. Ho-
 nour is a meer Scutcheon, and so ends my Catechism. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, *Sir Richard,*
 The liberal kind Offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
 The King would keep his Word in loving us,
 He will suspect us still, and find a time
 To Punish this Offence in other Faults :
 Supposition, all our lives shall be stuck full of Eyes ;
 And we shall feed like Oxen at a Stall,

The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My Nephews trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of Youth, and heat of Blood,
And an adopted Name of Priviledge,
A hare-brain'd *Hotspur*, govern'd by a Spleen :
All his Offences live upon my Head,
And on his Fathers. We did train him on,
And his Corruption being tane from us,
We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all :
Therefore, good Cousin, let not *Harry* know
In any Case, the Offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your Cousin.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. My Uncle is return'd :
Deliver up my Lord of *Westmerland*.
Uncle, what News?

Wor. The King will bid you Battel presently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of *Westmerland*.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas* : Go you and tell him so.

Dow. Marry and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit Dowglas.*]

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any ? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our Grievances.

Of his Oath breaking : which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn,
He calls us Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
With haughty Arms, this hateful Name in us.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arm, Gentlemen, to Arms, for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King *Henries* teeth :
And *Westmerland* that was engag'd did bear it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of *Wales* stept forth before the King,
And, Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the Quarrel lay upon our Heads,
And that no Man might draw short breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his *Talking* ? Seem'd it in contempt ?

Ver. No, by my Soul : I never in my life
Did hear a Challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a Brother should a Brother dare
To gentle Exercise and proof of Arms.
He gave you all the Duties of a Man,
Trim'd up your Praises, with a Princely Tongue,
Spoke your Deservings like a Chronicle,

Making you ever better than his Praise,
 By still dispraising Praise, valu'd with you :
 And which became him like a Prince indeed,
 He made a blushing cital of himself,
 And chide his Trewant Youth so with a Grace,
 As if he mastered there a double Spirit
 Of teaching and of learning instantly :
 There did he pause. But let me tell the World,
 If he out live the Envy of this day,
 England did never owe so sweet a hope,
 So much misconstrued in his Wantonnefs.

Hor. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
 On his follies : never did I here
 Of any Prince so wild at Liberty.
 But be he as he will, yet once e're night,
 I will embrace him with a Souldiers Arm,
 That he shall shrink under my courtesie.
 Arm, arm with speed.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, here are Letters for you.

Hor. I cannot read them now.

O Gentlemen, the time of life is short;
 To spend that shortness basely ; were too long.
 If life did ride upon a Dials point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour,
 And if we live, we live to tread on Kings :
 If dye ; brave death, when Princes dye with us.
 Now for our Consciences, the Arms is fair,
 When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.

Hor. I thank him, that he cuts me off from my tale :
 For I profess not talking : Only this,
 Let each man do his best. And here I draw my Sword,
 Whose worthy temper I intend to stain
 With the best blood that I can meet withall,
 In the Adventure of this perillous day.
 Now Esperance Percy, and set on :
 Sound all the lofty Instruments of War,
 And by that Musick, let us all embrace:
 For Heaven to Earth, some of us never shall,
 A second time do such a courtesie.

They embrace, the Trumpets sound, the King entreth with his Power, alarm unto the Battel. Then enter Dowglas and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blu. What is thy Name, that in Battel thus thou croffest me ?
 What Honour dost thou seek upon my Head ?

Dow.

Dow. Know then my name is *Dowglas*,
And do haunt thee in the Battel thus,
Because some tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* here to day hath bought
Thy likeness: for instead of thee, King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as a Prisoner.

Blu. I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot,
And thou shalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Stafford's* death.

Fight, Blunt is slain, then enters Hotspur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadst thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I never had triumphed o're a Scot.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathless lies the King.

Hot. Where?

Dow. Here.

Hot. This, *Dowglas*? No, I know this face full well,
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.

Dow. Ah fool: go with thy Soul whither it goes.
A borrowed Title hast thou bought too dear,
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coats.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coats,
I'll murder all his Wardrobe piece by piece,
Untill I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away.

Our Souldiers stand full fairly for the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarm, and enter Falstaff solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at *London*, I fear the shot here:
here's no scoring, but upon the pate. Soft, who art thou? Sir *Walter*
Blunt, there's Honour for you: here's no Vanity, I am as hot as moul-
ten Lead, and as heavy too; Heaven keep Lead out of me, I need no
more weight than mine own Bowels. I have led my Rag of Muffians
where they are pepper'd: There's not three of 150 left alive, and they
for the Towns end, to beg during Life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince.

Prin. What stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy Sword,
Many a Noble Man lies stark and stiff
Under the hooves of vaunting Enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd. Prethee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee give me leave to breathe a while. *Turk Gre-*
gory never did such deeds in Arms as I have done this day, I have pay'd
Percy, I have made him sure.

Prin. He is indeed, and living to kill thee;
I prethee lend me thy Sword.

Falst. Nay, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'st not my Sword, but take my Pistol if thou wilt.

Prin. Give it me : What, is it in the Case ?

Fal. I *Hal*, 'tis hot : There's that will Sack a City.

The Prince draws out a Bottle of Sack.

Prin. What, is it a time to jest and dally now ?

[*Exit.*

Throws it at him.

Falst. If *Percy* be alive, I'll pierce him : if he do come in my way, so : If he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let him make a Carbo-nado of me, I like not such grinning Honour as Sir *Walter* hath : Give me life, which if I can save, so : if not, Honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*.

Prin. Thou speakest as if I would deny my Name.

Hot. My Name is *Harry Percy*.

Prin. Why then I see a very valiant Rebel of that Name.

I am the Prince of *Wales*, and think not *Percy*,

To share with me in glory any more :

Two Stars keep not their motion in one Sphere,

Nor can one *England* brook a double Reign,

Of *Harry Percy*, and the Prince of *Wales*.

Hot. Nor shall it, *Harry*, for the Hour is come

To end the one of us ; and would to Heaven,

Thy Name in Arms, were now as great as mine.

Prin. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee,

And all the budding Honours on thy Crest,

I'll crop, to make a Garland for my Head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy Vanities. [*Fight.*

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay, you shall find no Boys play here, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he is dead.

The Prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh *Harry* thou hast rob'd me of my Youth :

I better brook the loss of bitter Life,

Than those proud Titles thou hast won of me,

They wound my Thoughts worse, than the Sword my Flesh :

But thought's the slave of Life, and Life Time's Fool ;

And Time, that takes survey of all the World,

Must have a stop. O, I could Prophesie,

But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,

Lyes on my Tongue : No, *Percy*, thou art dust

And food for ———

Prin. For Worms, brave *Percy*. Farewel great Heart :
Ill-weav'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunk ?

When

With the Humours of Sir John Falstaff.

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When that this Body did contain a Spirit,
A Kingdom for it was too small a bound :
But now two paces of the vilest Earth
Is room enough. This Earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a Gentleman.
Adieu, and take thy Praise with thee to Heaven,
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the Grave,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.
What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor *Jack*, farewell :
I could have better spar'd a better Man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with Vanity.
Death hath not stuck so fat a Dear to day,
Tho' many dearer in this bloody Fray :
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by Noble *Percy* lye.

[Exit.

Falstaff riseth up.

Falst. Imbowelled ! if thou imbowel me to day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too to morrow. 'Twas time to counterfeit, or that hot Termagant Scot had paid me Scot and Lot too. Counterfeit ! I am no Counterfeit ; to dye is to be a Counterfeit, for he is but the Counterfeit of a Man, who hath not the Life of a Man : But to counterfeit dying, when a Man thereby liveth, is to be no Counterfeit, but the true and perfect Image of Life indeed. The better part of Valour, is Discretion ; in the which better part, I have saved my Life. I am afraid of this Gun-powder *Percy*, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise, I am afraid he would prove the better Counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure, yea, and I'll swear I have kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but Eyes, and no body sees me. Therefore, Sirrah, with a new Wound in your thigh come you along with me. [Takes Hotspur on his back.

Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.

Prin. Come Brother *John*, full bravely hast thou flesh'd thy Maiden Sword.

John. But soft, who have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat Man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathless, and bleeding on the ground : Art thou alive,
Or is it Fantasie that plays upon our Eye-sight?
I prethee speak, we will not trust our Eyes
Without our Ears. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Falst. No, that's certain : I am not a Double Man : but if I am not *Jack Falstaff*, then am I a Jack : There is *Percy*, if your Father will do me any Honour, so ; if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himself. I look either to be Earl or Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why, *Percy* I kill'd my self, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is given to Lying? I grant

grant you I was down, and out of Breath, and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by *Shrewsbury* Clock if I may be believed, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take't on my death. I gave him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my Sword.

John. This is the strangest tale that e're I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother *John*. Come bring your luggage nobly on your back: For my part, if a lye may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

A Rereat is sounded.

The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours: Come Brother, let's to the highest of the Field, To see what Friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

Fal. I'll follow as they say, for Reward. He that rewards me, Heaven reward him. If I do grow great again, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave Sack, and live cleanly, as a Noble man should do.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

The Trumpets Sound.
Enter King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmerland, with Worcester and Vernon Prisoners.

King. Thus ever did Rebellion find Rebuke. Ill-spirited *Worcester*, did we not send Grace, Pardon, and terms of Love to all of you? And would'st thou turn our Offers contrary?

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to, And I embrace this Fortune patiently, Since, not to be avoided, it falls on me.

King. Bear *Worcester* to death, and *Vernon* too. Other Offenders we will pause upon.

[*Exit Worcester and Vernon.*]

King. Then this remains: that we divide our Power.

You Son *John*, and my Cousin *Westmerland*, Towards *York* shall bend, you with your dearest speed To meet *Northumberland*, and the Prelate *Scroop*, Who (as we here) are busily in Arms. My self, and Son *Harry* will towards *Wales*, To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earl of *March*. Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way, Meeting the Check of such another day; And since this business so far is done, Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*]

